*That did neuer choose amis,*
*Some there be that shadowes kis,*
*Such haue but a shadowes blis:*
*There be fooles aliue Iwis* *I wis,*
*Siluerd o're, and so was this.*
*Take what wife you will to bed,*
*I will euer be your head:*
*So be gone, you are sped.*

*Arrag.* Still more foole I shall appeare,
By the time I linger heere,
With one fooles head *I* came to woo, woe,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adiew, ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroath.
*Portia.* Thus hath the candle singd the moath: singd'd
O these deliberate fooles, when they doe choose,
They haue the wisedome, by their wit to loose. their
*Nerriss.* The auncient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie.
*Portia.* Come draw the curtaine *Nerrissa.*

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where is my Lady?
*Portia.* Heere, what would my Lord?
*Mess.* Madame, there is a-lighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit, (besides commends and curtious breath) courteous
Gifts of rich valiew; yet I haue not seene
So likely an Embassador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came so sweete,
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.
*Portia.* No more I pray thee, *I* am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou spendst such high day wit in praysing him:

Come



Come come *Nerrissa*, for I long to see
Quick *Cupids* Post that comes so mannerly.
*Nerryss.* *Bassanio* Lord, loue if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

*Solanio and Salarino.*

*Solanio.* Now, what newes on the Ryalto?
*Salari.* Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word. gossips
*Solanio.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euer knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeue she wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high way of talke, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio*; O that *I* had a tytle good enough to keepe his name company.
*Salari.* Come, the full stop.
*Solanio.* Ha, what sayest thou? why the end is, he hath lost a ship.
*Salari.* *I* would it might proue the end of his losses.
*Solanio.* Let me say amen betimes, least the deuil crosse my prair, for heere he comes in the likenes of a *Iewe*. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants? *Enter Shylocke.*
*Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.
*Salari.* Thats certaine, *I* for my part knew the Taylor that made the wings she flew withall.
*Solan.* And *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was fidge, fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leaue the dam.
*Shy.* She is damnd for it.
*Salari.* Thats certaine, if the deuill may be her Iudge.
*Shy.* My owne flesh and blood to rebell.
*Sola.* Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres.
*Shy.* I say my daughter is my flesh and my blood.
*Salari.* There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene Iet and Iuorie: more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red vvine and rennish: but tell vs, doe you heare, whether *Anthonio* haue had any losse at sea or no?



*Shy.* There

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